

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VI. St. Joseph's College, November 12, 1913. No. 4.

ST. JOSEPH 13 — HOLY CROSS 7.

St. Joe rooters shivered not in vain on the Sabbath for the All Stars turned the efforts of the Holy Cross gridironists into a glorious victory for the Purple and Cardinal. Capt. Dowling won the toss and choose to defend the north goal. Dowling kicked off to the Holy Cross forty yard line. The Chicago lads could not pierce the St. Joe wall of defence, and after several attempts at open field plays lost the ball. Dowling simply toyed with his opponent's line for several downs and then carried the ball thirty yards for a touchdown. Murphy kicked goal. The kickoff again gave Holy Cross the aggression. The ball changed hands three or four times and Beelman ended the quarter by carrying the ball from the center of the field to St. Joe's twenty yard line on a fake pass.

McKeagh opened the second quarter for the visitors by going through tackle for ten yards, and a few seconds later caught a forward pass over the line. Goal was kicked and the score was tied. Holy Cross kicked off and St. Joe carried the ball to the center of the field. The College backs gained repeatedly but fumbles and penalties, several of which were imposed because the crowd would not keep off the field, kept the ball near the center. Dowling was carrying about six men towards the close of the half.

McLaughlin gained repeatedly in the early part of the second half, following Dowling through tackle for six or eight yards. Then the Chicagoans braced, held St. Joe for downs, and Edwards and McKeagh made several good gains on fake and spread plays. Putts' men could not remember the fake pass which the Purple and White men were working. At the close of the quarter the ball rested on St. Joe's thirty yard line.

Both teams went into the last quarter with the determination to count. The Chicagoans despairing of gaining on straight bucks resorted wholly to passes and formations. They failed to gain and the ball went over. Dowling punted beautifully to the cen-

ter of the field. Dalton intercepted a forward pass, and after Monahan had made several good gains off end, St. Joe was held, for downs. Holy Cross lost the ball on a fumbled punt, and with the ball within thirty yards of the goal, Mike Dowling was called upon and responded with a touch down, after several plunges through tackle. Murphy failed to kick goal. At this period with seven minutes to play Duggan, Holy Cross coach of Hyde Park fame, entered the fray. Monahan and Dowling soon worked the ball to dangerous territory. Holy Cross came back strong for the finish, the ball resting on our thirty yard line when the whistle blew.

Dowling was easily the star of the game, both on attack and defence. The big fellow was all over the field and was especially formidable in critical moments. Monahan deserves credit for his open field work, especially in view of the fact that he has not long been working with the team. McLaughlin showed up well in line plunging. Murphy though at times slow, used judgment in the choice of plays and men. The inability of Holy Cross to gain through the line shows how well every man on the advance guard played the game. Several times Girrard was downed before he could pass the ball. McKeagh, Robinson and Beelman starred for the visitors.

At times the Stars were slow in interference and lining up for the plays, but under the able training of coach Putts they should improve in these departments.

St. Joseph		Holy Cross.
Silverstein	le	Beelman
Burdick	lt	McGuire
Corbett, Downey	lg	Corcoran
Tiffin	c	Condon
McGinn	rg	Robinson
Smith	rt	Welfare
Dalton	re	Moore
Murphy	qb	Gerrard, Duggan
Monahan	lh	McKeagh
McLaughlin	rh	Edwards
Dowling	fb	Whalen

Referee Kramer, umpire Muryhy, Lineman, Grotghjan. 15 min. quarters.

From Newport, Kentucky, come as subscription to the "Cheer" signed, Julius Kaiser. Julius is no longer a pool magnate, but has a fine job. No prosperity, however, could make him forget his St. Joe friends. Thanks and success.

We are glad to hear that Martin Bustetter is fast recovering from his illness, and that he will be with us again before many more issues of the "Cheer".

Frank Fertilj has returned from St. Elizabeth Hospital, Lafayette, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Conglomerated Optics.

KENTUCKY.

Kentucky is the land of "moonshine" and sunshine. I am a Hoosier now, but tears come to my eyes when I hear the mystic airs of "My Old Kentucky Home". If my soul can't rest in heaven I want it to rest in Kentucky. Away back in the olden days when Julius Caesar raised a beard in Covington, when Brutus ran a saw mill in Cloverport, when Nero studied law in Louisville, and Cassius won his sword at a Pike county fair, Kentucky invited a number of college officials to establish their institutions among the soft blue grass knolls of her mountain sides. St. Joseph was among those represented, but its ambassadors were charmed more by the tranquil ripples of the Iroquois in far away Jasper county than the faint babbling and meandering of the Ohio. It's hard to say which of the two received the worst from the referee's decision, but from my list of students I think that Kentucky misses St. Joseph's. They tell me that St. Joseph's was actually beleaguered by Kentuckians this fall.

Daniel Boone put Kentucky on the map. Rip Van Winkle could not have slept twenty years in the mountains of Kentucky because bullets fly so thick and fast down there that they would have become tangled in his beard. Kentucky is full of cats and dogs because wherever you find "moonshine" and its "partner" you will find plenty growlers.

Kentucky is full of music and honey. I've got my eye on Kentucky, and my eye is going to stay on Kentucky. Let me tell you fellows at St. Joseph's, you don't know what you're missing when you don't come down from Kentucky. I hope that you all at St. Joseph's, who do claim that state as your home will be a credit to your native state. I want to meet you all next June and we will sing a toast to the state we love so well.

"Mulchahy".

Winning the Game.

The leaves are sadly falling to their rest; 'tis golden husking time, a melancholy day. 'Leven mighty youths, toil bravely to arrest the hostile charge and gain the victory. Fierce grows the fight, mad is the rushing line that toward our goal fast push the pigskin ball. "Work hard, St. Joe!" our voices we combine to cheer our heroes and ward off the fall.

The whistle blows, one quarter is now over, in fear, though brave, our sturdy warriors rest. What mighty hand can turn their spirits sore to Trojan might and save the gruel contest? But see! From out our ranks there comes a form, his look determined and his fingers tight; 'tis Brother David come to face the storm; he'll not permit our goal to suffer blight. We cheer the hero who in days long gone starred brightly on the field we now would save; each man he strengthens, reveals tricks unknown, and leaves the squad determined, strong and brave.

His blood is boiling and he longs to show how vim and power in past the victories won. "Give me that ball", he shouts, and you shall know I still can kick, e'en though I cannot run". We hold our breath, and in our hearts admire that figure, well deserving of his "J". He twirls the ball, and with a legal ire steps back and lifts his left extremity. There is a pause — Oh ask you why we smile and laugh to tell you of that mighty kick? Why, Brother David missed the ball a mile, and back to earth fell with a heavy click.

But time is called, no longer need we fear for we are winning, lose we never would; and from him borne on high I only hear these sad few words: "Kicked higher than I could."

Making History.

Great nations have risen and fallen. History abounds in the great and chivalrous deeds of our heroes. Monuments have been erected to tell of their valor, but it remained for Collegeville to bring forth a hero whose glory shall adorn the pages of history. His deeds resound from pole to pole. His valor shines from sea to sea. With a single stroke countries lie smitten at his feet. You all know him about whom I write; it was last Christmas vacation on the train homeward bound that Otto Keller tripped a nigger, said daring boldness having caused the downfall of Africa, the spilling of Greece, the break up of China and the ruin of Turkey.

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EDITORIALS.

The students of St. Joe will not soon forget the thorough spiritual workout they received during the first four days of November. Fr. Gabriel, C. P. of Chicago, has certainly contributed his part to acquaint us with the gridiron of life and to direct us toward the goal of Christian perfection.

Sunday's victory upset the classic warning that bids us beware of an enemy bringing gifts. Before the game the Holy Cross lads presented the college team with a trophy shield bearing the "H. C." monogram and decorated with purple and white. The presentation speech sounded in part: "We offer you this shield to adorn your team's casket". The prowess of St. Joe made it impossible to fulfil the request; but it would not be an inappropriate idea to inscribe upon it "St. Joe 13—Holy Cross 7" and allow it to grace the walls of the new Gym as a "scalp".

With the foot ball season scarcely matured it is really quite early to discuss basket ball. Snow flurries and overcoats, however are suggestive of indoor sport, especially this year with such bright basket ball prospects before us. The year's outlook was first given a test during the closing days of October. Two or three of our acquaintances fell from their pedestals of hope during the crucial days, but in the main St. Joe's Temple of Basketball Prospects still exhibits the smiling faces of her basket ball stars. The ineligibleibles have yet a chance to recover their hopes and give their efforts to the team that is going to eclipse all records of the Purple and Cardinal.

Hitting only the high spots in any activity brings no lasting fond remembrances.

The patient plugger and consistent worker never shares much of the white lime light, but the things in the world that count permanently are of his making.

Post-Mortems.

They (the Puritans) sailed for America, and founded Rhode Island. Their great man was Rogers Williams who founded Salt Lake City. — The Vulgate version of the Bible was written by Vulgate, the King James version by King James. — United States History is all the doings of the past tense. — Holy Scripture is the writing of prosperous Catholics by the assistance of God. — Correspondence is the constant conversation kept between two parties. — The Catholic translation of the Bible into English was made in two different parts. It is therefore called the quo-version. — The Line of Demarcation is a line drawn between the Atlantic Ocean. — The Vulgate is the rules laid down at the meeting of Vermont. — Writing is said to be in its easy style when we can read it fluently without any brakes. — The Douay Version of the Bible was written by Dewey in 1810. King James wrote a Bible in 1715 in which 700 versions were defunct. — History is the reputation of the establishment in the early days. — Bagged was the wife of Mohamet.

Senior Dormitory Echoes.

Upon St. Joe's historic stage
Sleep the humble wise and sage
Wrapt in the moonbeam's fond caress
Lie Deery, Dan and Pess.

In the row just off the stage
Slumber those of a lesser age:
They dream, so mild and dear
Murphy, Squire and Cyr.

In the row next to the door
They all have habits galore;
But the whole bunch gets sore
When Kreutzer and Stachler snore.

If you want to sleep in our row
You'll all have to holler and crow,
For we all are old codgers,
Maloney, Deutsch and Rodgers.

We're last and also least,
Lined up against the wall—east,
'Mongst us there're many misfits
For we've Kanney, Fettig and Fitz.

INQUISITIVE READER.

Editor "College Cheer": Can you publish the exact time made by Willie Deutsch in his record trip around the lake during retreat? (A Reader.)

Who can answer?

Magsam — Say, Fitz, what did you think about Quo Vadis?

Fitz — Believe me, that was some classy ham they served at the feast.

Music Prof.—Fred, you have a fine voice, but no ear for music.

Tiffin—Oh, yes; I have two.

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